The Frog.

Where the black snakes slide In the slimy tide, And the ghost of the moon looks blue.

That the poison vine clings to-

And what am I but a king-a king!

For the royal robes I wear-A scriptre, too, and a signet ring,

As vassals and serfs declare; And a voice, God wot! That is equalled not

In the wide world anywhere !

I can talk to the Night-the Night!

And the secret of everything-For he knows you all

From the time you crawl, To the doom that death will bring.

That his bursting passions leak,

As clear as a piece of glass; And I can tell you the how and why

Of the things that come to pass;

Are there instead, Or under the graveyard grass.

Their heads in the dust to him:

And whether the dead

And I can see through the sky-the sky

To your sovereign then, all hail! all hail!

"Sometimes."

From the Cationrist New Letter.

Sometimes, not often, when the days are long, And golden be the ripeoling fields of grain, like cadence of some half-forgotten song. There sweeps a memory across my brain: I hear the landrait for among the grass. The drows nurmur in the scented limes; I watch the radiant hottlerfles that pass, And I am sad and sek at heart sometimes—Sometimes.

And I am sad and sick at heart sometimes—
Sometimes.

Sometimes.

Sometimes.

Sometimes.

When every cloud is awant from some skies,
And freder took such inched hearth are cay.
With bouching hos and yet more largising eyes:
From strend days an entry synders by
That makes a discount in the thristmas chimes,
A modernt has bound of this, I sigh.
And seem had bosely in the crowd sometimes—
Sometimes.

Not often, nor for long. O friend, my friend,
We were not lent our life that we night weep;
The flower-raw not have or earth nath som an end;
Should our fair spring a bonder sometime series at too soon the time of lading leaves.
Comes at too soon the time of lading leaves.
Come on the cold, short days. We must arise
And we our way, and same home our sheaves.
Though some far table regret may cloud our eyes
Sometimes. Sometimes.

Sometimes I see a light almost divine
In meeting even of two that now are one.
Impathent of the bars that rise to mine,
I tim away to seek some work undone;
There dawns a loos it on some stranger face;
I think, "How has not yet how far less fair!"
And look and look as in, and seek to trace
A moment more your langed likeness there—
Sometimes.

As sweet thoughts' O foolish, vain regrets!
As wise it were, what this Jame roses blow.
To weep because the first bline violet.
We found in spring has faited long ago.
O love, my love, if yet by some sale poet's thymes.
By flower scent, by some sale poet's thymes.
My heart that have so we be at peace, is stirred,
Am I to blame that still I sigh some times?

Simpollines—

And semetimes know a nanc of jealous pain,
That, while I waik all lonely, other eyes
May hanly simile to yours that sinic again.
Beneath the sun sid stars of southern skirs.
The past is past, but is it sin, if yet
I, who meals content would seek to dwell,
Who will not greeve, yet cannot quite lorget,
Still send a thought to you, and wish you well
Sometimes?

Louis F. Stor

In Death's Despite.

From the Independent.

From the Independent.

Whither departs the perfume of the rose?
Latte what her sites underly gloden sound?
Your after vest early lead procession goes.
To hate twelf bemeath the semedess ground.
Upon the grave's rue xoratile brink
Aimazed with loss, the human creature stands;
Vamby he strives to reason or to think.
Leit with his aching heart and empty hands.
He seeks his lost in vain. There comes no sound;
Darkness and sience all his sense confound.

Darkness and mierice all his sense contound.

Till in Death's real call stern be bears his name.
In term he holows and is lost to sight.

He hears the shimmons dread no men may sight.

Sweetly and clear allows he squeet grave.

The bards shall sing unmindful of his dast;

Settly, in turn, the long green grass shall wave.

Over his fallen head. In turn, he must wave.

Though high the heart that beat a jthin his breast.

The rose falls and the music's found is gone; Dear voices cease, and clasp of loving hands;

The rose raits and the musics round is core;
bear voices cease, and class of invitic hands;
Alone we stand when the brief day is done.
Searching with suddened expectantly advantage and
Worthless as is the lightest fasten local.
We seem, yet constant as the light's first star.
Kindless our deathless loop, and trop our grief.
Is born the trast no observ can mar.
That Love shall fit up all despairs above,
Shall conquer Death, yea, Love, and only Love!

Passed Away, June, 19, 1880.-E. A.

Passed away, ressed away, From the brightness of our way, From the athle at summer life, With its loy and beauty rise. From the restructions, so tair,

Passed away, passed away, To the realm of endless day, To affection's circle wide, Gathernt on the other side,

Death, O, death, to life so mear,
Dost thou not load authems hear!
Lay thy broken sceptre down;
Thou hast brought him to his crown.

From the Congregationalist.

Early this morning, waking,
I heard the sandpipers call,
And the sandpipers call,
With a dreamy rise and fail.

The dawn that was softly blushing Touched mind and wave with rose, And the sails in the west were flushing; No breeze street their repose.

What tone in the waters' falling. Had reached me while I dreamed? What sound in the wild land,' calling Lake a heavenly giveling seemed?

What meant the delicate splender. That brightened the conscious m

With a radiance tresh and tender Crowning the day new born !

All nature's mayical voices Wrispered, "Awake, and seet Awake, for the day reloces?" What news had the morn for me!

Then I remembered the blessing Su sweet, O Hend, so near!

The joy beyond all expressing-Today you would be here!

Science a Century Ago.

A Possi Resid before the American deadering of Sciences Scant were the pleasings in those years of dearth: No Covier set had clothed the tensi bones that simultaness, waiting for their second farth; No facilities and the large of the stockers Science and possible to be empty throngs.

Dreaming of orles to exes of earth unknown, Herseliet looked heavenward to the starlight pale

No mortal feet those lottler heights had gained

Hersetiel looked heavenward to the starlight pale; out in times as 'ui, depths he tred alone Laptace stood must be not no intest veil; While home-bred Humboldt triumed his toy ship's as

Simile at their first small venture as we may.
The schoolbey's copy shapes the schoolbey's hand.
Deer granted memory his suche acts holds:
Brave fine-till wise, this bower of pace they planned
While war's dread joughshape scarred the audering

While war a oreas possible to the control of the co

Yet in our veins the blood ran warm and red. For us the fallds were green, the slices were blue; For us the falls were green, the skies were blue; hough from our dast the sourt long has fled. We hved, we haved, we taked, we dreamed like you, smiled at our sizes and thought how much we knew.

Caught.

From the Harana's Crimon.

Softly tails the summer mannight
On the transpil decan tides.
Where a boat with North and malden
O'er the water lightly rides.

DLIVER WENDELL HOLERS

CRLIA TRANSPR.

LOUISA F. STORY

the Prince on his throne so grim !

Long live the King!

And prace to his royal whim!

James W. Rinay.

And the rushes drown In the watery frown

Under his big black wing Be tells me the tale of the world outright.

The storm sweeps down, and he blows-he blows

While I drum on his swollen cheek, And crosk in his angered eye that glows With the livid lightning stresk—

Who am I but the frog—the frogf
My realm is the dark bayou.
And my throne is the muddy and monegrown le

beir servant, but they made him their master. ey cheered him into absolute power over selves and their party.

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Never was talent more keenly appreciated by any body of men than that which he exhibited on those occasions. The remote illustration ich would have bored the House if it had been adduced to support or explain an abstract maple, ticuled it prodigiously when it was alto disparage the honesty or espacity of a powerful Minister. The quaint phraseology which would have forced the House to laugh a: the orator, had it been directed at a motion or a inciple, made them laugh with him when it as directed against an upright but sensitive sman. He hunted down his game like ! and raking up the history of past contests for every allusion that malice could misinterpret, he not only struck, but mangled and fortured, his victim. Had he felt the passion he portrayed he would probably have expressed it with less vigor. It required much calm thought to prepare that variation of invective with which for three years the "great middle man" who hated slavery everywhere except on the benches of his own followers, was incressnitly denounced for the "organized hypocrisy" of the party which he led. Whatever fame is due to caustic denunciation, applied in appropriate phraseclogy and accompanied by gestures, voice, and mimicry all pertinent to the character of an indignant orator, that fame was won by Disraelt in the campaign against Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert writhed under it. It is a fact that after the delate on the third reading of the measure for the repeal of the Corn laws in which Disraeli delivered the flercest of his philippies, Sir Robert asked the late Duke of Newcastle, the one accompanying the Prince of Wales to this country, who was then Earl of Lincoln, to carry a boatile message to Disraon, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be dissuaded from this purpose. At the end of the session of 1846 Disraeli had made himself a sort of parliamentary Junius. The same acrimony, the same persistency, with which Junius fastened on Draper and on Grafton distinguished Discaeli in his attack on Peel. At the close of his grand orations he always fell into his sent with an air of triumphant exhaustion. And the House of Commons awoke to the conviction that by dint of pungent per-

sondities, and vigorous invective, and his

was termed, adventurer, had made himself firs

a joint leader with Lord George Bentinck and

afterward the sole leader of the great Tory party.

trionic talent, the political writer, and as he

This was a vast achievement. From the days of Steele downward, as Thackerny shows, there has been a prejudice in the House of Commons against men "who write," It is difficult to explain the grounds of the belief; but for a long time it was certainly believed that a man who could write well could not speak well. A Secretary of State like Addison did not weaken this impression. Burke rather confirmed it by the signal contrast between the effect of his speeches and the effect of his writtings. Cauning ought to have dissipated it though none of his written performances equalled his speeches; but to the last, Canning had to struggle against the prejudice with which the King and the great nobles regarded." a literary man," From whatever source this prejudice arose, whether from the notion that literary men were not practical, or that they were for the most part not wealthy, or that they were not trustworthy, it is piain that it was not extinguished by Canning's successor Disrael's first efforts. But this was not the only prejudice nagainst which the associate and successor of Lord George Bentinck had to struggle. He was of a lineage which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which provoked the contumely of religious skentics and religious bicots; of skentics which the facility of the same of Burke rather confirmed it by the signal con-trast between the effect of his speeches and the consciously lapse, are vigorously censured. This blemish time has not removed. It is as prominent in "Lothair" as in "Vivian Grey and "The Young Duke.' 'Lothair" is oratorical even to dangerous limits. Many ross. sages might be quoted in which the oratorical

Disraeli's vivacity and originality, but no one would take him as a model of literary style. Of Disraeli's personal characteristics Herr Brandes has little to say, having had no opportunities of observing them. He seems to have seen him but once, and that was in July, 1878, during the Congress of Berlin. He was lodged in the Kaiserhof, directly opposite the palace of Prince Bismarck. He was the declared lion of the Congress, and he could exult in the idea of having attained the same level of glory when he looked across from his balcony to his great teighbor. Upon the hotel balcony six laurel bushes and a dwarf paim tree had been placed. so that Disraeli, whose imagination has ever dwelt upon laurels, and the heroes of whose romance have ever wandered beneath palms. and before his eyes the symbols of his honors, and, moreover, a tender reminiscence of the cradle of his race upon opening his window in the morning. Crowds gathered daily as, leaning on the arm of Mentague Corry, he crossed the Wilhelmsplatz in walking to the Congress. He walked with slow step, and seemed tired, almost exhausted. Anxiety could be read in every line of his face, and he reso read in every line of his face, and he responded to the deep and reverential greetines
of the good Berlin turchers with a weary and
mechanical motion of the hand to his had. No
one could gaze upon that pale, wrinkled face,
without remembering all the battless which
during his life he had longit, all the disappointments he had suffered, the troubles and
worryings he had suffered, and the proud
courage with which he had wen the victory.

passion approaches much nearer bathos than

weak-kneed. We often hear commendations of

The style is loose, florid, and

Bret Harte's First Lecture in London.

Yesterday evening Brot Harte delivered his first lecture in London, entitled. The Argonauts of 40.
In Steinway Hall, Lower Sermour street, Portman square, in aid of the funds of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Queen's road, Chelsea. The hall was crow-torepeating on behalf of the Institution named a locture which was given by him not long ago at Oxford, but herer before in the metropolia. After a cordial recepherer before in the metropolis. After a cordial recep-tion, the lecturer proceeded to fell in a pleasant manher, and in his own peculiar v in, the story of the communation of California about thirty years ago, prior to which the chief inhabitants, he said, were "arace dressed neatly, but not expensively, in wood? The early American property were described very vividity with their easy adaptability to new circumstances, and characters often resembling that of the two genthe near who executed a little commission for Macheth." The general passion for gambing was illustrated by numerous saccedures, one being that of a man who, being on the point of returning home a vessel with several thousand dollars. lost everything in an bour, and who, after his wife had come to look for him, was allowed to win \$3 (sectron) ser gentleman out o july for her. Urnan hie hav fug been sketched in many startling phases, the lecturer turned to life at the mountain side, where the modern folden deece was searched for, and where the trying san, the only cooking utensil, was carried shout like a transactors, guitar. The Heatiner Chines, the men-base of whom elicited a foul operator the author of the will be seen as a seed departed in straining relies. In the control of the seed of the chinese dectors, who for a time to be an elicited out of the chinese dectors, who for a line to the continuous out of the chinese dectors, who for a line to the continuous out of the parts by administering the control of the chinese and other simple in the whole lecture, in which parallel and e was sometimes artistically beingered a functions lat of pathers, was beliefed to eat and it may be forest that a hand-a will have been made by means of it to

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS DUEL. An Fre-Witness's Reminiscences of the Fatal

THE STORY OF A PANOES DUEL.

A Meeting Between Terry and Broderick.

discharged, on the ground that there had been no actual misclemeanor.

John A. McGiyon, a brother of a well-known Roman Catholic ciergyman in New York; Andrew J. Butier, a brother of Gen. B. F. Butler, and other friends of Broderick had tried to dissuade him from flathing. He had listened to all their arguments, and had replied that his min! was made up—the duel could not be avoided with honor. He was quiet and composed, but inflaxible.

It was thought that the arrest would stop further proceedings, but the principals were determined to have it out. The fact that a second meeting was to take place on the following morning was whispered to a few reporters under a primise of secrecy, and at midnight several vehicles left the city and drovs toward the lazuma de la Merced, about 10 or 12 miles from the city. Here the light was to take place, it was cold, and the drivers frequently lest their way in the darkness. The breeze from the ocean cut like a knife. As day broke a buggy was descred a short distance ahead occupied, as we learned on overnaking it by Henry Fritz a confidential friend of Broderick. Not withstanding his excessive corpulence. Fritz was blue with cold, and his teeth rathed like custanets. Another buggy containing Dr. Hammond. Judge Terry's surgeon, was driven out of a small caffon. All right, was the general exclanation, "we are on the track now." The Doctor and Fritz laughed in concert, "We thought to throw you newspaper people off the scent," said the Bostor, "but we find it is no use." Other carriages were seen coming from different directions and skirting the lake. They all drew up at a rail tence which marked the boundaries of a milk ranch, owned by one Davis, who rubbed his eyes in sleeny astonishment at such an irruption of visitors. There was not much conversation, one of two remarks were made, and a partisan of Terry's antibly wished that Broderick might be carried dead from the fleid. Everybody seemed to feel that to one man, at least, that beautiful day was to be a day of each with the fr

Mr. Benjam's action irritated the Senator and impaired his poise. Before this Mr. Broderick had taken some coins from his vest pocket and passed them to Mr. McKibben. Terry gave his iosse change to Benham, who scattered it contemptuously on the sward. All things being in readiness, the pistols were cocked and the hair triggers set by the seconds. They were then delivered to the combatants. It was observed at this time that Mr. Broderick appeared nervous and ill at ease. He repeatedly twitched the skirts of his surtout as though they were in his way. He was also somewhat out of position and Mr. McKibben corrected him. Broderick closely measured with his eye the ground between himself and Terry. Benham read the conditions of the meeting, and Mr. Colton followed with instruc-

The earth may ring from shore to shore
With echoes of a glottons same,
But he whose loss our tears deplore
that belt betted into more than fame.
For when the death free came to be
and question in the short came to be
the whole the belt and free the fame.
His spirit did not all depart.
His level of truth bow warm-too strong,
For home or bear to chain or child.
His have of truth bow warm-too strong.
Each of the properties of the short of the strong of the strong of the short of the strong of the short of the

tions as to the firing. He had won the word. Broderick was still nervous, but Terry stood firm and erect a silhouette against the early morning light. The men held their weapons muzzle downward. A moment of painful silence program

But the last word must be spoken and the imperious mandam or death must be fulfilled. On brave heart, we hear thee it thy rest, thus surrounded by tens of thousands we leave there to the equal grave. As in the nother votce among uses from its trainest hiast upon the car of fruction, so in death its echose will reverterate and our mountains and our valleys until truth and valor crase to appeal to the human heart.

Good friend! True heart! Mail and farewell

POETRY OF THE PERIOD. CHARLES READE'S RELIGIOUS FAITH.

and a Letter from the Novelist himself. The Rev. L. R. Stanton, D. D., of London furnished to the New York Independent of May 13 what purported to be an account by the Rev Charles Graham, pastor of the Shepherd's Bush Congregational Church, London, the recent conversion of Charles Reade, th novelist, from rationalism to an activibelief in the dortrines of the Congrega tional Church. After some reference Mr. Reade's books and plays, with which De Stanton says he has but slight acquaintance, he describes a meeting with the alleged convert "However it may have been before his conversion, which occurred a few months ago,"
Dr. Stanton writes, "he now appears singuiarly modest and reserved. This is said to result largely from his Christian experience being so recent, and from his earnest desire to learn more and more of Christian truth and life in the experience of others. . . . The chief incidents of Mr. Reade's conversion-a least, the earlier incidents and immediate or Let the moon swing low, and the high stars trail

ing no recent, and from his extract desire to learn more and more of Christian truth and life in the experience of olders. "The whole includes of Mr. Beade's conversion—as the control of the control of

seemed to delight in Christian trath, while his occasional questions and remarks showed that he had thoroughly mastered many of its problems. At Mr. Graham's suggestion, he has during the months stage his conversion read the Scriptures in yourse, and is now a most diligent student of the Word of God. The whole beat of his mind is now toward attaining Christian knowledge and doing Christian work. Conversing at the tentable upon the result of the English elections (Mr. Heade is a Liberal in politics) he spoke carnestly upon the question of temperance, and hoped the incoming Administration would favor and Parliament in politics), he spoke carriers, the according tion of temperance, and hoped the incoming Administration would favor and Parliament pass the Local Option bill.

"What Mr. Reade will do for the future is an interesting inquiry. Since his conversion he has prepared very copious notes of his autobiography, the events therein related duting from the death of Mrs. Seymour. I understand, also, that he is meatinging upon a delimention of Seripture characters and events. His pen cannot be at rest, and, now that it is converted, the world may are long hear from Charles Reade upon the mest ownich they are unaccustomed, under his guidance."

Commenting upon this letter, Mr. Joseph Hat-

Commenting upon this letter, Mr. Joseph Hatton, a brother English novelist, and correspondent of the New York Times in London, writes to

ent of the New York Times in London, writes to that journal as follows:

I called upon Mr. Reads the other day and found him deeply grieved that the most sacred feelings of his heart should have been wormed out of his spiritual adviser in the name of religion, and adulterated for the purposes of trade; but though much distressed at some of Dr. Stanton's fizments, he was very desirous not to disturb the general impression that he is weaned from the world, and humbly desires to serve God. This has kept him stient, but he said he would write me a letter and then leave to serve God. This has kept him slient, but he said he would write me a letter and then leave the matter in my hands. I have since received the letter in question: 19 ALBERT GATE, June 14.

19 Albent Gate, June 14.

My Dean Harron: I shall indeed be grateful if you will assist me to correct just two of Dr. Stanton's errors, that wound me cruelly and can edify nobody. First-That during the hietime of Mrs Seymour I held rationalistic views, and perverted my darling friend's mind with them, and this was, as he understands, the cause of my remorse after her death. Fecond-That, "in spite of this, Mr Grabam was able

assure me she did not die without Christian hope." 1. I was instructed in the Christian verities from my cradle by my dear mother, who was a saint and a deeply read theologian. There declared my faith in my books many times, and, in tace of that public declaration, Dr. Stanton's statement is really too unscrupulous in itself. and the base of another calminny, for my deceased friend, though a less instructed, was a firm believer. She acted the Gospel more than she talked it; but she could speak, too. I remember once, when some skeptical gamons were monted before her, she said with a certain inagesty and power she could command on uncommon occasions, " And what can they give the world to make up for the glorious hope they would rob it of ?" These were her words to the letter.

2 Mrs. Seymour and I were old people, you know

During the mineteen years I lived in the same house with her she led an innocent life, a self-denying life, and a sin-gularly charitable life. In the exercise of this grace there was scarcely a Scriptural precept she did not faint. to the letter. She was merciful to all God's creatures; she took the stranger into her house for months; she cared for the orphans, she visited and nursed the sick; she comforted the afflicted in mind; she relieved the poor in various classes of life constantly hiding her bounty from others, and semetimes from its very objects. Those charities are still continued out of her funds, and through

the influence of her example.

God drew her nearer to Him by five months of acute suffering. She here her agonies from camer of the liver) with meek resignation, and sorrow for me, who was to lose her, but none for herself.

Several days before her death she made a distinct

expression of plous rapture as I never saw on any human Dr. Stanton's Letter, Mr. Hatton's Letter.

ace before.

My strict for her is selfish. You know what I have lost —a perfess creature, wise, just, and full of genius, yet devoted to me. She alone sustained me in the hard battle of my life, and now, old and broken, I must totter

battle of my life, and now, old and broken, I must totter on without her, sick, sad, and lonely.

My remorse is for this: I had lived entirely for the world, and so disqueted her with my cares, instead of leading her on the path of peace, and robbed God of a saint, though not of a believer. I did also afflict myself with doubts of her eternal welfare, but where there is creat affection there is always great solicitude. Becaused Christians torough themselves with this tender smally more than bereaved Rationalists do. Mr. C. Graham, when he knew the particulars of her life and death, never shared my auxieties. He removed them entirely. That living evangelist showed me my doubts were, in reality, doubts of God's goodness and wisdom, and of His special promises. But the words Mr. Stanton has put into his mouth deny the faith and latiner the charity of her whole life, and cast negative hope, which

that this was not the case even so recently as Margaret Fuller's time, no attempt is made to conceal the fact that it may be true at the present, and the writer points unerringly to the agencies which have been at work to produce the change. He not only calls attention to the number of girls's shools established during the last half century, but clest the notable improvement in their quality, and refers to the fact that colleges which have hitherto been sacred to men have at length opened their doors to women. After recounting the numberless useful occupations which engage the netivities of the educated young woman of the present, he says: 'Sne has her hend full and her hands full. Certainly the Church does not fill the same place is her thoughts or in her life that it did in her mother's at her age."

When we recal the restrictions which from the time of its estadishment to the present, the Church has imposed on women, and when we consider the fact that women are just beginning to sinke their thirst for knowledge, it is not, perhaps, remarkable that the nore intelligent of them should be less constant in the continued.

getting out of the way of pedestrians, they will almost be trid on. They look up at the passers by with queriex-pression, as much asto say: "Can'tyou give a fellow a few crumbar". Yesteriay afternoon two male birds made repeated efforts to get at something that the throng perhaps, remarkable that the more intelligent of them should be less constant in the contemplation of the "beatingles," or that the should even cease for a time to dream over the cestissies attendant on a life after doath. Neither is it surprising that the educated women of the present age should evine a preference for the natural sciences, rather than for vague abstractions concerning immaculate concentions or vicarious atonements; and possibly they may be forgiven, especially by those obtains the Chirch. If higher reathematics should prove more interesting to them than the intribate the cological problem of three fields in one.

It is quite evident that the strength of the Chirch is steadily, if not rapidly, declining. That the recent disaffection which is so clearly manifest is chiefly confined to women is shown by the fact that a majority of men have long since ceased to exercise care about, or interest in, the Church; but that many of them give to it their support simply because they are pleased with the effect which its influence produces on women. There may be no appreciable change in the sixe of the workly congregations in our churches, but the apathy will winch theological dormas are received, and the lack of goal which characterizes puther worship, are evident sources of alarm to the clergy.

At a regular session of Eaptist ministers in Chicago, notions since, the so-called paper of the day was entitled: "Woman—Our Hope and be pendence in the Present heighness Emergency." The author of this paper neglected to state the exact nature of the aid which would be acceptable from women, and we are left in doubt as to whether they are to increase their zeal in the manufacture of ice cream and taffy for church scenais, or whether they are expected to exercise greater energy in elaborating designs for elevated suppers. The same paper declared that success of the Church is woman salleguance on their mental faculties to cultivate the emotions at the expense of the reason, and to graciously withhold from them part or pedestrians kept them from on the west sidewalk of Breadway, between Murray and Warren streets. These benerate efforts show that the birds are light up for the service offers show that the birds are hard up for find. In the Rathers Park there is no water smally for the first severating what they camer under the slewated carried direct near the first, as a sine watering tracks in an at these plays to written is accountent that the total investment of the case of the case

tons at the expense of the reason, and to graciously withhold from them participation in all matters pertaining to the government of the Church, are precautions which have been wisely considered necessary to the propagation of orthodox doctrines.

The higher education is gradually revealing to women their actual religious status, and they are at length making the important discovery that it is to the unscientific doctrines of the Church concerning their inferiority and natural deprayity that they are indicated for

BRIDES TROUSSEAUL The Common Sense of American Girls Revolt-

ing Agninet a Fashionable Polly. From the Courter Lanual. New York, June 28 .- An important and show the content of the property of the color of bridges transmeants, and in the property had been the custom wight be anticipated from any matter that belongs to the wardrobe. It has been the custom bridge to the wardrobe. It has been the custom bridge to the wardrobe. It has been the custom in life, but simply in accordance with her cown wishes, the vanity of ner mother, or the property of the

on the field, the latter as principal on one of two occasions. Mr. Broberick was somewhat surprised at the action of Mr. Haves. They had been warm political friends in New York, and the meeting had been arranged for the 12th of September, at sunrise, near the boundary lines of San Mateo and San Francisco Counties. The principals and their friends were all on the ground, when the Chief of Police, Martin J. Burke, placed them under arrest. They were fought before Police Justice H. P. Coon and discharged, on the ground that there had been round inschmennor.

John A. McGlyon, a brother of a well-known Roman Catholic clergyman in New York; Andrew J. Burier, a brother of Gen. B. F. Butler, and other friends of Broderick had tried to dissuade him from fighting. He had listened to disturb the duel could not be added to the disturbed to the country of the duel could not be disturbed to disturb the duel could not be disturbed to disturbed to disturbed the duel could not be disturbed to disturbed to

One of its articles brought out this reply:

In the Hoolf of this marning we are reported as eaving: "And it there was any advantage on either side it was streig was its mid-avantage on either side it was streig with Mr. Brederpek. "We have not made this statement, nor, at the same time, have we imputed any uniarriess to Judge Terry or his seconds. Furfact, we have passed inc indirection to its exceeding the product of the irres and its peculiar thousand to the unfortunate affair, our duty being samply to engree statements established either from the friends of 4. Heidering or Mr. Terry, not warranted by the lasts. This we have done in all class. The Heidering of this interest of the continue to most serious mastalement we have extract. Mr. Reservick had not the chindre of weapons, had not been supported in the continue of the serious of the finite of the continue o

the recall have been a meeting that it McKrears.

San Francisco Sept. 18, 1850. Datin D. Course.

From the time that Broderick was wounded the whole city was in mourning. Every consideration was subordinate to anxiety as to his condition. His death was a rubble calamity. The remains were brought to the Union Hotel, corner of Kearney and Morehant streets, where they laid in state amid pyramids of flowers until Sunday, the 18th. Crowds of enigens awaited the body. Aurong others an old man walked up to the coffin, with hands crossed over his chest, whispering a prayer. He touched the forehead of the dead, and murmured: "God bless you! Your soul's in heaven! God bless you! California has this day lost her noblest son."

Then, reverently crossing himself, he walked slowly away. This incident is cited as an example of Broderick's peculiar power in creating a following aside from those who looked to him for patronage. This magnetic power was the head rock of his political strength. He inspired affection other than that of mere graffing.

The uneral took place at half-past 1 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Before the procession moved Col. Edward D. Before the procession moved Col. Edward D. Before the procession of a consciouse that embraced narry the entire adult population of the city, promounced a furnity of the procession of a concourse that embraced narry the entire adult population of the city, promounced a function. The beauty and magnificence of this tribute to a dead triend are historical. The procession was leafly the entire adult population of the streets leading to the Plaze for blocks away caught his words distinctly. The percention was as follows:

But the last word must be speaken and the imprious mandate of each meant for an activities and the imprious mandate as death meant be speaken, and the imprious mandate as death meant be speaken, and the imprious mandate as death meant be speaken, and the imprious

Oh, might our spirits for one four return.

Then the next century rounds its hundredth ring.
All the strange secrets it shall tends to earn,

To hear the larger traths its years shall bring.
Its wice sugges talk, its awence ministed angi-

Hushed by nature's solomn silence, Whitepers be in accounts low." Let us theat through the together. Though the tide be tith or flow." And she answers, breathing music Loke a low breeze through the rines, Yes, dear, if you'll only ich me Hold, as now, the rudder lines."

is positive doubt, upon her condition at her death.

Christian parents who have lost their young, and all who have cherished a Christian love and buried its object, will surely sympathize with my bleeding heart, and aid me to correct these cruel surmises of brutal

and the cost of the collegiste institutes, high schools, and seminaries. When anotherloges were first established diress was a source of influit trouble from the want of what was proper and suitable, and the superalundance of what was improper and unnecessary. The teachers that is the women teachers) were as much at sea as their pupils. At one of the first commencements at Vassar the lady professors made their appearance upon the platform in the most extraordinary mixture of Dolly Varden costumes, with wide baby sushes in strong colors. No caricature could have exaggerated them. them.

Teachers now, as a rule, restrict themselves to plain black or some neutral tint, and have gained immeasurably in consequence, for if one cannot be fully equipped for contest in fashion, it is best to be armed with neutrality, Fashion as a bugbear, however, no longer exists. Women of intelligence dress as they please.

JENNIE JUNE. Huxley, and Tyudall. The writer then queries: "Is this true to any appreciable extent of the educated women of the United States?"

To this question as well as the former one no direct answer is given; but while it is declared that this was not the case even so recently as Margaret Fuller's time, no attempt is made to conceal the fact that it may be true at the present and the writer beauty and the series and appreciate the case of the case of the present and the writer beauty and the writer beauty and the series and the series are the case of the case

was to lose her, but none for herself
Several days before her death she made a distinct
declaration of her faith, viz. that she relied not on her
good and charitable works, but only on the merits of her
Redeemer. Three days before her death she parcock of
the holy communion with fervent responses and such an

no presence at the earth's centre, therefore no central heat due to that cause. The central mass or core of the much gravitate at the centre in every direction, out wardly as inwardly. The points of greatest pressure are much nearer the earth's surface than supposed. I have demonstrated these propositions satisfactority, at least to Ashvilla, June 21

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir. There is

One Square Meal a Day for the Sparrows.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Ser: Perhaps

it has not occurred to many that the sparrows in the city parks are having a hard time of it this season. Na-

ture supplies but a limited support to the birds, and this year nature is far from being at her best. Much of the grass is burnt, and the birds search in vain for grubs and

worms that are not to be found. The male birds are un-

usually active this season in their efforts to feed the young. They can be seen on the broad space in front of the City Hall, hopping back and forth, and instead of

Pearls Discovered in New Zealand. From the Auckland Evening Star, May 15.

From the authlind Ecolor Sur, May 15.

A few days ago. Mr. Benjamin Gittos had been wandering along the bases of the Guker Vreek, close to the What trainfary. He was afreshed by a period to the What trainfary. He was afreshed by a period of being shellfold in one particular and derivat. He had theory seen in the whole of the districtioning a period of bearly tensity verte and who had large question of the district vertex are vice large. He had been districted as the facility of the facilit

Gold in Dentistry. From the Princip Making Journal.

Dr. Farrar of Brooklyn says that not less than had a ton of one gold, worth had a notion of dollars, is animally packed into reciple a te-to in the United States, and that at this rate only the gold in circulation will be buried in the cario in three hundred years.

50sto.